

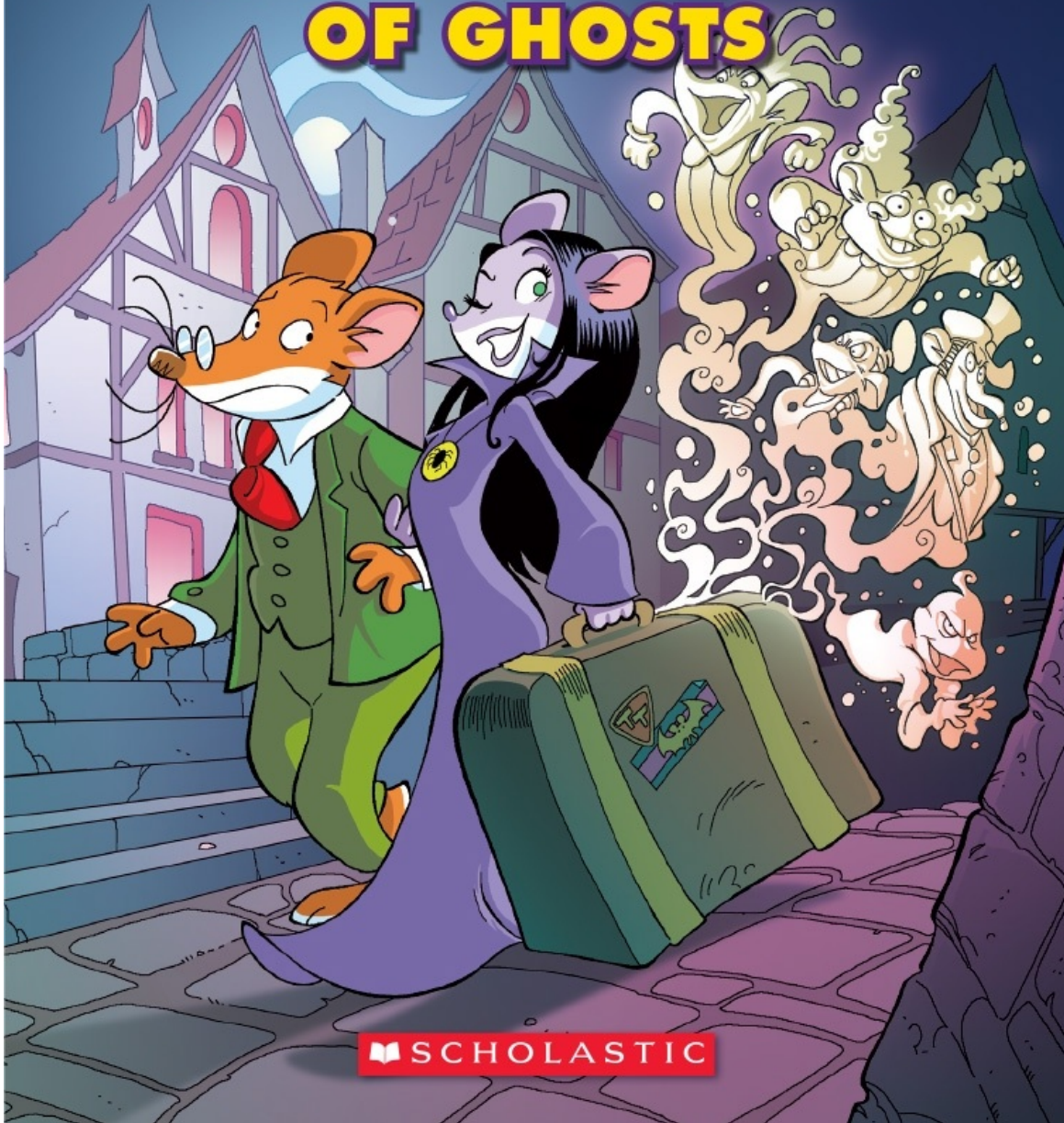


Geronimo Stilton



CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

A SUITCASE FULL OF GHOSTS



I, *Geronimo Stilton*, have a lot of mouse friends, but none as **spooky** as my friend **CREEPILLA VON CACKLEFUR**! She is an enchanting and **MYSTERIOUS** mouse with a pet bat named **Bitewing**. Creepella lives in a **CEMETERY**, sleeps in a marble **sarcophagus**, and drives a **hearse**. By night she is a special effects and set designer for **SCARY FILMS**, and by day she's studying to become a **journalist**! Her father, Boris von Cacklefur, runs the funeral home **Fabumouse Funerals**, and the von Cacklefur family owns the **CREEPY** Cacklefur Castle, which sits on top of a skull-shaped mountain in **MYSTERIOUS VALLEY**.



YIKES! I'm a real 'fraidy

mouse, but even I think

Creepella and her family are **AWFULLY** fascinating.

I can't wait for you to read this **fa-mouse-ly funny** and **SPECTACULARLY SPOOKY** tale!

Geronimo Stilton





Creepella von Cacklefur

Bitewing

Billy Squeakspeare

Grandpa Frankenstein

An extremely mad scientist and an expert in Egyptian mummies.

A journalist who lives in Mysterious Valley and solves spooky cases with her inseparable pet bat, Bitewing.

A famous writer and friend of Creepella.



Shiverreen

Grandma Crypt

Snip and Snap

Dolores

Kafka

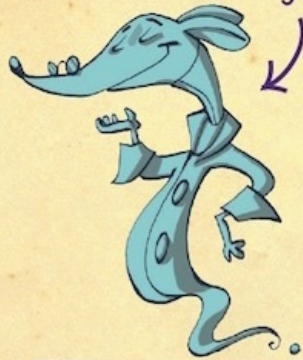
Creepella's favorite niece.

She loves spiders, and her pet is a gigantic tarantula named Dolores.

Troublemaking twins and expert spies.

The von Cacklefur family's pet cockroach.

Booey the
Poltergeist



The mischievous
ghost who haunts
Cacklefur Castle.

Boneham



The butler to the von
Cacklefur family, and a
snob right down to the
tips of his whiskers.

Baby



He was adopted and
raised with love by
the von Cacklefurs.

Chef Stewrat



The cook at Cacklefur
Castle. He dreams
of creating the
ultimate stew.

Boris von
Cacklefur



Creepella's father, and
the funeral director at
Fabumouse Funerals.

Madame
La Tomb



The family
housekeeper. A
ferocious were-canary
nests in her hair.

Chompers



The von
Cacklefur family's
meat-eating
guard plant.

Geronimo Stilton

CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

**A SUITCASE
FULL OF GHOSTS**



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Text by Geronimo Stilton

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Graphics by Yuko Egusa

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Translated by Andrea Schaffer

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A SURPRISE FROM THE SKY

It was a very **HOT** day, hot enough to make a **GRILLED CHEESE** sandwich on the sidewalk. But I didn't mind, even though I was stuck in a very **L O N G** line with my nephew, Benjamin. It was worth it. Want to know why?

First, let me introduce myself! My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*, and I run *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island.

And now, let me tell you why I was waiting in line with **BENJAMIN** on that **sunny** afternoon.

You see, the **FLYING FUR CIRCUS**

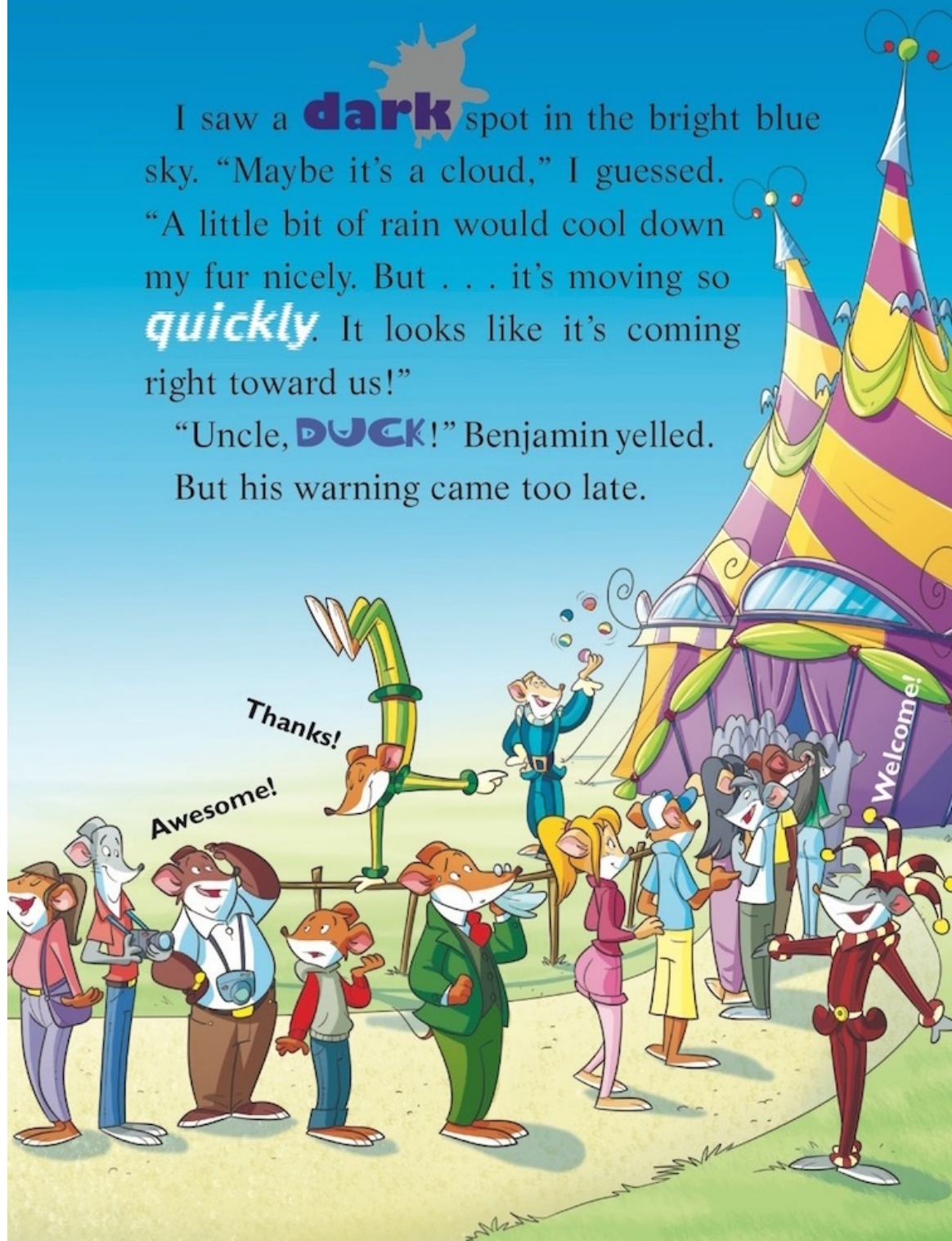
was in town! Every rodent in New Mouse City wanted to see the show. It featured magicians, **cheese jugglers**, and expert acrobats. Benjamin was so **excited** that his whiskers were twitching!

“Uncle, what’s that up there?” he exclaimed suddenly, pointing.



I saw a **dark** spot in the bright blue sky. "Maybe it's a cloud," I guessed. "A little bit of rain would cool down my fur nicely. But . . . it's moving so **quickly**. It looks like it's coming right toward us!"

"Uncle, **DUCK!**" Benjamin yelled. But his warning came too late.





Something fell right on my head!

BAM!

“That’s not a cloud, Uncle. It’s a bat!” Benjamin informed me.

Massaging my skull, I looked up. I recognized that bat flying above me. It was **Bitewing**, the pet of the spooky von Cacklefur family.

“Ha! Nice catch, Clumsy Paws!”

I picked up what the bat had dropped on me: a purple **notebook** with the initials of my friend Creepella on the cover.

“It’s a new book! Publish it **RIGHT AWAY!**” Bitewing squeaked.

“Read it out loud now!” pleaded Benjamin, who loved Creepella’s **thrilling** stories.

He didn’t have to ask me twice. You see,



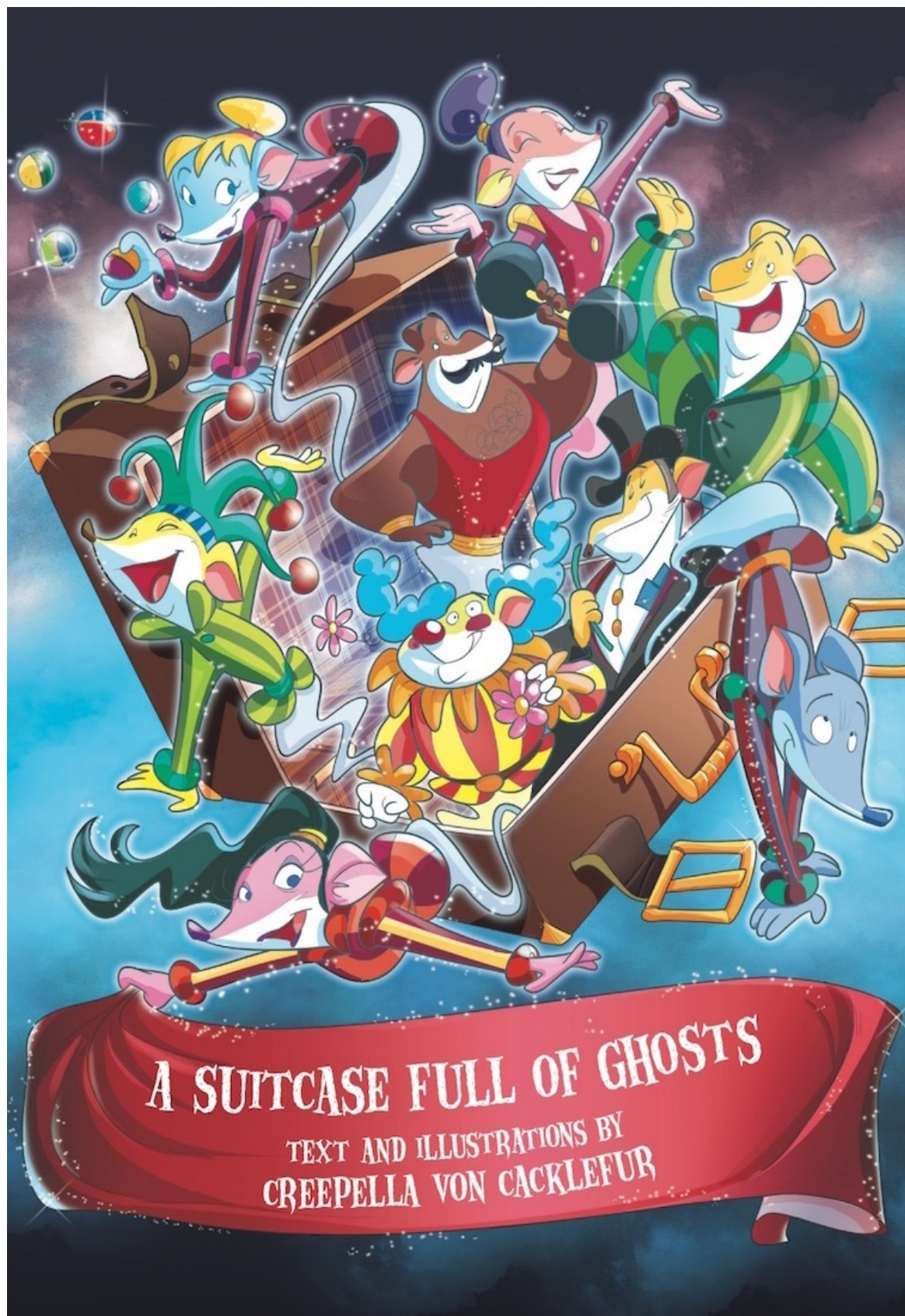


I have joined Creepella on many of her adventures. They are always full of **CREEPY** characters, **MYSTERIOUS** happenings, and settings as **GLOOMY** as moldy cheese. I was curious to discover which tale she had decided to tell this time. I opened the **notebook**, cleared my throat, and began to read aloud . . .

Let's see . . .



I'm sure it's another thrilling tale!



A SUITCASE FULL OF GHOSTS

TEXT AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY
CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR

A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

Darkness had fallen over Mysterious Valley. A **stranger** walked through the streets of Gloomeria. Only the rays of the moon, as **PALE** as mozzarella, lit his way.

Then clouds covered the **MOON**, and the curious rodent stopped, **lost**.

“I’m more tired than a sleepless ghost!” he muttered sadly. “I’m afraid I took a wrong turn a while back, and now I have no idea where my **P A W S** are taking me.”

With a sigh, he set down the enormous suitcase that he was dragging with him.

“I should stop here,” he reasoned. “I can



start my journey again at **dawn**. Now I just need a safe place to rest . . .”

But where? Empty fields surrounded him. In the distance he could see the silhouette of a **GHOSTLY** castle, but it was very far, and he was very tired.

Suddenly, a lone ray of **MOONLIGHT** managed to squeeze through the clouds and light up a bare **WALNUT** tree.

“What a bizarre-looking tree!”

he thought aloud. “But it’s just what I need. I can rest against its nice, **wide** trunk.”

And so the traveler dragged his suitcase to the tree and propped it up next to him. Then he leaned against the trunk and fell immediately into a **deep** sleep.

Of course, he never imagined that he would



soon be **disturbed** by the most bothersome twins in all of Mysterious Valley . . .





TROUBLESOME TWINS

“Hurry up, **ShiP!**”

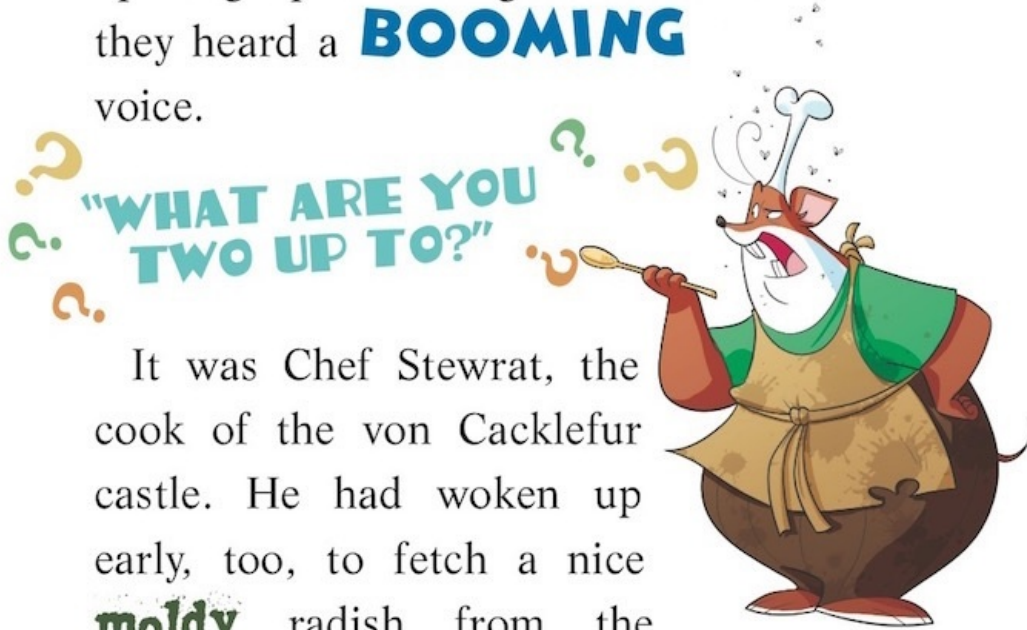
“I’m coming, **ShAP!**”

The terrible von Cacklefur twins came **tiptoeing** down the stairs of Cacklefur Castle. They had woken up extra early to perform their latest mission, **PERFECT PRANK NUMBER 7,458**: Stealing the Sweet Stew Leftovers from Yesterday’s Dinner.

All they had to do was get to the kitchen before the rest of the family woke up, **steal** the stew, and then go back to their room to gobble it up.



It was a perfect, simple plan. But even simple plans can go wrong. The twins were opening up the refrigerator when they heard a **BOOMING** voice.



It was Chef Stewrat, the cook of the von Cacklefur castle. He had woken up early, too, to fetch a nice **moldy** radish from the garden. Poor Madame LaTomb had an awful **COLD**, and he wanted to make her his special Feel Better Stew.

“STOP right there, you plucky pests!” he yelled, waving his ladle.

Snip and Snap scampered out of the

kitchen in a **flash**, chased by Chef Stewrat.

“If I catch you I will **MUMMIFY** you!”
he yelled.

But the twins were way ahead of him.
They didn’t stop until the chef’s voice was
an **echo** far behind them.

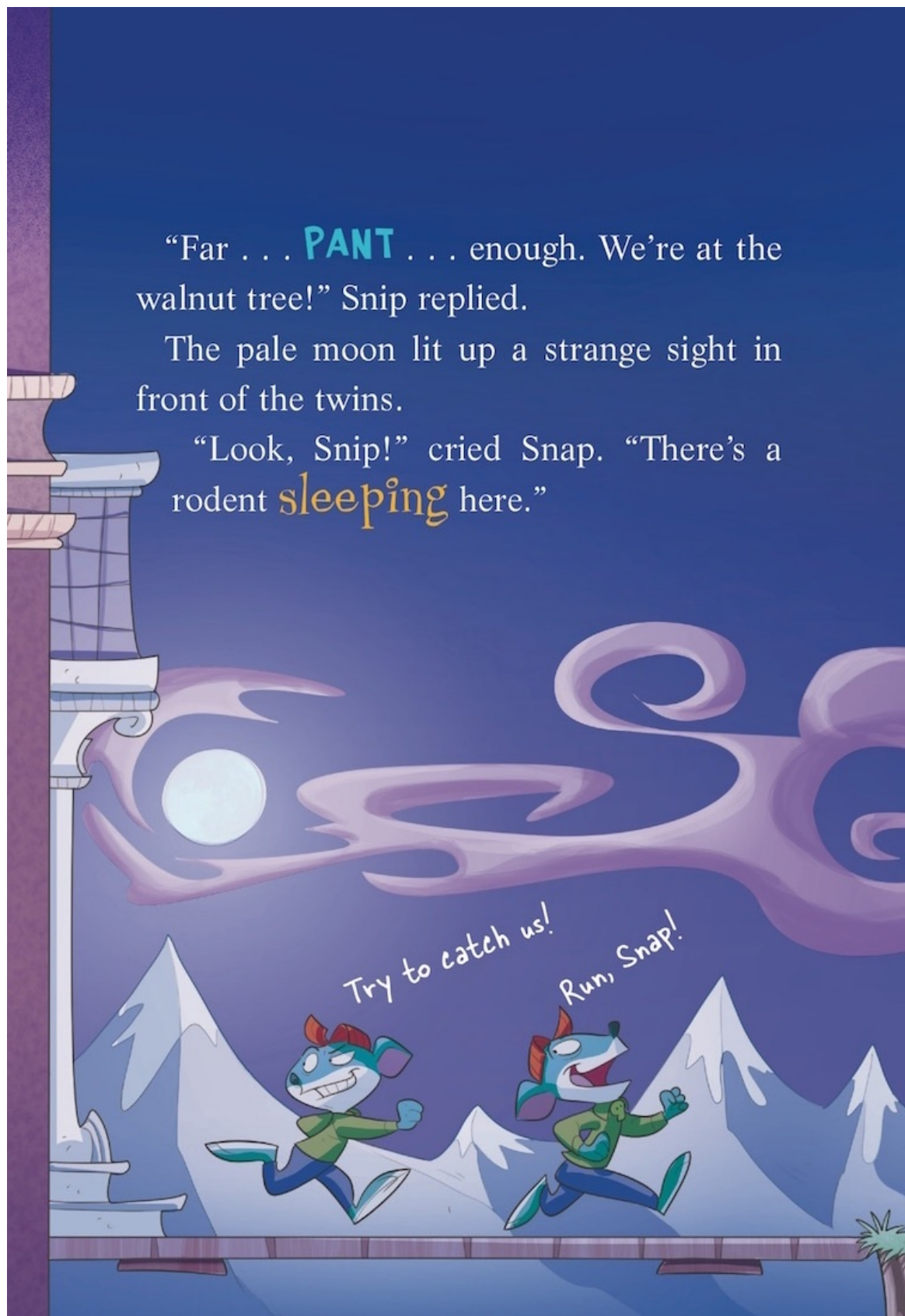
“How . . . **PUFF** . . . far . . . **PANT** . . . have
we gone, Snip?” Snap asked.



“Far . . . **PANT** . . . enough. We’re at the walnut tree!” Snip replied.

The pale moon lit up a strange sight in front of the twins.

“Look, Snip!” cried Snap. “There’s a rodent **sleeping** here.”







“And he’s **snoring** like an embalmed mummy,” Snip said.

“And he’s got a very big **SUITCASE**,” added Snap.

The twins should have known not to open the suitcase. But their **curiosity** got the better of them. It opened with a **CLICK!** On the inside there were a lot of jars. Snip and Snap pulled some out and read the labels.



“What are they, Snap?” Snip asked.

“I have **no idea**, Snip,” Snap admitted.

“But I think we should borrow this jar.”

Snap pointed to a jar labeled:



“I don’t know what ‘GHS’ stands for, but I like the pranking part,” said Snip, grabbing the jar.

The twins closed the suitcase and walked away, **laughing**.

Not too long after, the first rays of **sunlight** hit the stranger’s snout. He woke up, yawning.

“Time to get back on the **ROAD**,” he said.

He got up, smoothed his crumpled jacket, and continued his journey.



The rays of sunlight grew **STRONGER**, pushing their way through the heavy **purple** curtains of Creepella von Cacklefur's bedroom.

"Hurry up! Hurry up! Hurry up!" screeched Bitewing.

Creepella had stayed up **very late** the night before, working on a research paper. As a result, she had slept a little bit later than usual.

But the research was finished (for a scholarly paper titled *The Midnight Dreams of Mummies*), and Creepella had been





looking forward to a **leisurely** morning. She was consulting with Wardrobe, her talking closet, trying to find the perfect outfit.

Until Bitewing interrupted her.

“I said, **hurry**! Aren’t you listening?” Bitewing squeaked.

“Quit making such a **racket**,” Creepella scolded. “What’s so important?”

“Well, Madame LaTomb has a dreadful cold, but that’s not the worst thing,” Bitewing replied. “Those **terrible twins** are up to their old tricks! They replaced all my candied crickets with colored **BUTTONS**! Yuck!”

Creepella laughed. “It’s up to Boneham to keep those two in line,” she said.

“Boneham! That **BONY**



butler can't control those twins," Bitewing complained.

"Well, it's not my problem," Creepella replied. "I **FINISHED** my research. I'm not teaching a class at the Shivery Arts Academy today. I don't even have an article due for *The Shivery News*! I want to enjoy a **day of Laziness**, starting with a nice walk. What do you say, **KAFKA**?"

She looked over at the foot of her bed, where Kafka, her giant pet **cockroach**, slept. But he wasn't there!

"Kafka, where are you?"
Creepella called out, crouching to check under the bed. Then she **shook** a box of Critter Crispies — licorice-flavored treats for cockroaches. Kafka loved them. But even this did not make him appear.





“This is **strange**,” Creepella said. “Let’s go look for him, Bitewing!”

As she headed down the stairs, Creepella almost ran into Grandma Crypt, who was **frantically** running *up* the stairs.

“Grandma! What happened?” Creepella asked.

“My **NEEDLES**! My **NEEDLES**!” she replied.

Creepella was confused. “Your needles?”

“My knitting needles,” Grandma Crypt explained. “I can’t find them, and I need to finish the leg warmers I am making for my **TARANTULAS**. That’s a lot of legs to knit for, you know.”

Creepella frowned. “I’ll bet it was **ShiP** and **Snap**. I suppose I’ll have to **LOOK** for them after all.”

On the first floor she met **Shivereen**, her niece, who was distraught.

“Auntie Creepella, look!” she cried, holding out her school **notebooks**. All of the pages had been glued together with some mysterious **SLIMY** substance!

Before Creepella could comment, Boris von Cacklefur appeared at the door, holding something between his **P A W S**.

“Rattle my bones! If I ever discover who did this —”





“What happened, Daddy?” Creepella asked.

“Look at this **EXTREMELY VALUABLE** Supercomfy Coffin I have to deliver this morning,” her father replied. “Someone **jabbed** knitting needles right through the bottom of it!”

“**KNITTING NEEDLES?** Let me see,” said Grandma Crypt, walking up to him. “Yes, those are **mine**. But how did they wind up there?”

Creepella frowned. “This time Snip and Snap have really gone **too far**! They need a good talking-to. But where are they?”

A CURIOUS COCKROACH

Creepella and Shivereen inspected Cacklefur Castle **ROOM BY ROOM**, looking for the twins. They began with the top floor, examining *Madame LaTomb's* chamber. They found the housekeeper still under the covers, with a heap of lace handkerchiefs **crumpled** on the nightstand.

“Good morning, Miss Cree — **ACHOO!** — pella. Is everything — **ACHOO!** — okay?” she asked between sneezes.





Aaa . . .



With every sneeze, Howler,
the were-canary that lives in her
hair, quietly echoed with another sneeze:

“ACHOO!”

“I’m sorry you’re sick, Madame,” said
Creepella. “I am looking for the **twins**.
Have you seen them, by any chance?”

“No, dear. I — **ACHOO!** — was asleep until
a few minutes ago,” she answered. “What
have they duh — duh — **ACHOO!** — done
now?”

“What haven’t they done?!” replied
Creepella. “They’ve really gone **wild**
today! But I’ll keep looking for them. I hope
you feel better.”

As she turned to leave, Shiveren let out
a **SHRIEK**.

“Auntie, look!” she cried, pointing at
Madame LaTomb’s collection of dolls.

. . . choo!



“The **dolls**? Yes, I’ve seen them — they’re beautiful,” said Creepella.

“Yes, but don’t you notice anything strange?” her niece asked.

The pretty little dolls all wore **fancy** dresses and polished shoes. And in the middle of them was a male wearing a vest with **BLUE AND WHITE** sailor stripes. But that was no little sailor doll — it was a live **cockroach**!

“Kafka! Who dressed you like this?” Shivereen asked, picking up the pet cockroach.





“IT’S THOSE TWINS AGAIN!” Creepella fumed. “When I find those two, I’ll put them in the basement to **mold** with the aged cheese!”

She stormed out of the room, eager to find the twins. Shivereen followed her. Bitewing flew up to Creepella as she walked down the stairs.

“Here you are!” he squeaked. “Where were you? You left your phone in your room! It’s been **ringing** and **ringing**!”

He dropped the cell phone into Creepella’s paws.

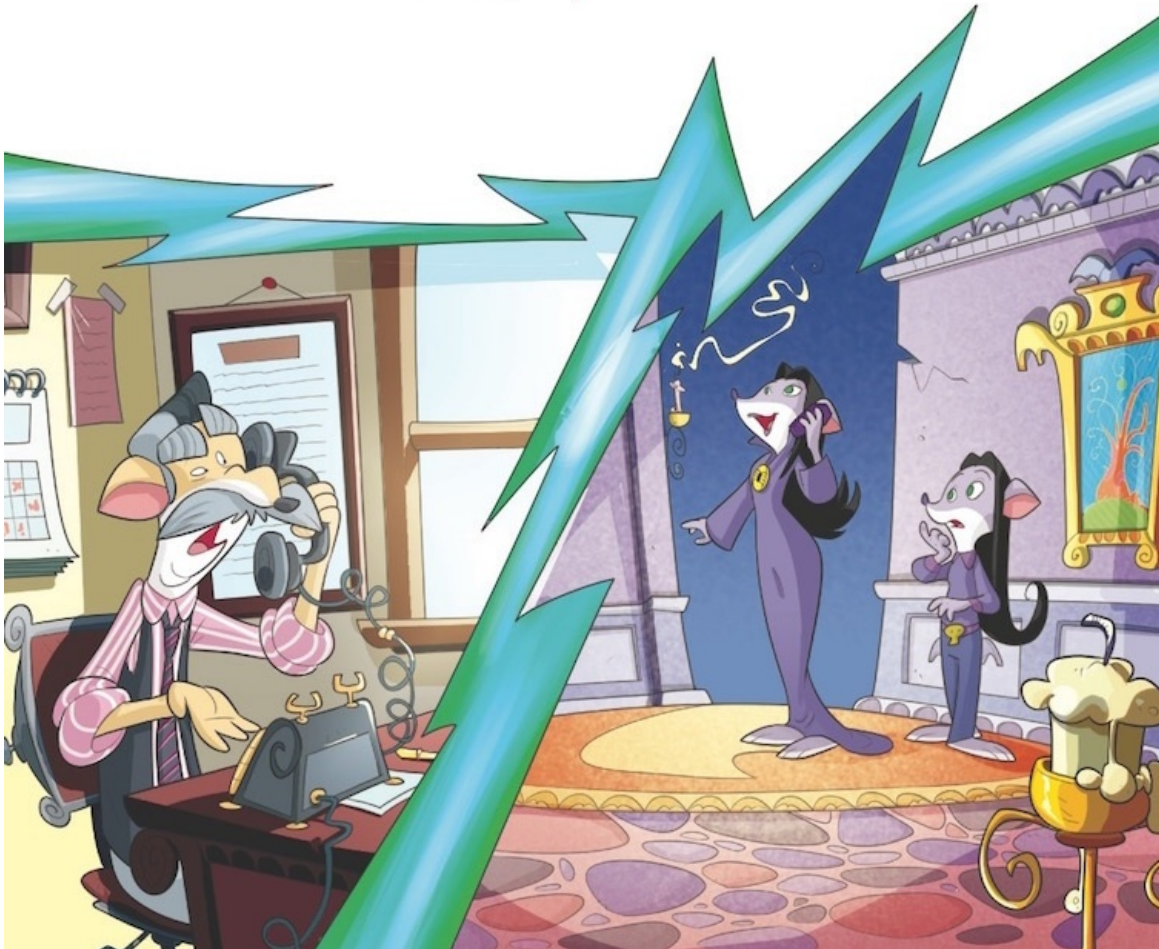


The **BOOMING** voice of Edward Squeaker, the editor in chief of *The Shivery News*, exploded from the phone.

“Creepella! We need an exclusive interview with

Hector Spector. And if you want to write again for our paper, it'll be on my desk tomorrow morning at seven, and not a **millisecond** later!"

"Who is this Hector?" Creepella asked, but she got no answer. The grouchy editor had already **hung up** on her!





“I guess the hunt for those **rascal** twins will have to wait,” Creepella said. “Now I have to go on a mission to find and interview a rodent named **Hector Spector**.”

“Who is he?” asked Shivereen.

“I don’t know, but I **think** I’ve heard the name Hector Spector before,” Creepella said thoughtfully.

Just then, Grandpa Frankenstein passed by with his **paw prints** full of test tubes.

“**Hector Spector?** Did you say Hector Spector?” he asked excitedly.

Creepella was **astonished**. “Do you

know him?”

“Of course! He is without a doubt the **greatest!**” replied Grandpa.

“The greatest what?” asked Creepella.

“The **best!**” Grandpa said.

“The best what?” asked Creepella.

“He’s the most **amazing** —”

“Just tell us who he is!” yelled Shivereen, frustrated.

Who?



“**WHO** is who?” asked Grandpa Frankenstein.

Creepella sighed. Her grandfather’s **BRILLIANT** mind often wandered.

“Hector Spector,” she reminded him.

“Ah, yes, him!” Grandpa cried. “He is the owner of the **GALLOPING GHOST**”



CIRCUS. Why, is it in town?"

"It must be, if Squeaker wants me to interview him," Creepella replied.

Grandpa grinned. "Wonderful! When you see him, please get me a **TICKET** to the show. It is the most **gorgeously ghastly** show I have ever seen!"

Grandpa Frankenstein tottered off. Shivereen looked up at her aunt.

"Auntie, can I come with you?" she asked. "This circus of ghosts seems **SCARY** enough to make my **fur** stand on end!"

"Of course," Creepella replied. "But first, we need to get *Geronimo*. He is a great journalist, and he will lend me a paw with the interview. Then we'll try to figure out where Hector is staying."



A LUCKY MEETING

Minutes later, they were **zooming** down the street in the **Turborapid 3000**. They hadn't gone far when Shivereen exclaimed, "**Look!** There's someone walking on the side of the road."

In fact, a rodent wearing **elegant** but **wrinkled** clothes was trudging along the road, dragging a heavy suitcase.

"He seems to be having a **hard time**,"





Creepella mused. She slowed down and called out to the traveler. “Hello, sir! Can we **help** you in some way?”

The rodent turned his head. He looked **exhausted**. “Thank you so much! That is very kind of you,” he said. “If it isn’t too much **trouble**, may I ask you for a ride to my hotel?”

“Of course!” Creepella answered.



Creepella pulled over and opened the door for the **TRAVELER**.

“Nice to meet you,” she said. “My name is Creepella, and this is my niece, Shivereen.”

“You both are very **kind**,” the rodent repeated as he got in the car. “Let me introduce myself as well. My name is **Nector Spector!**”



“Hector Spector!” exclaimed Creepella. “Is it really you?”

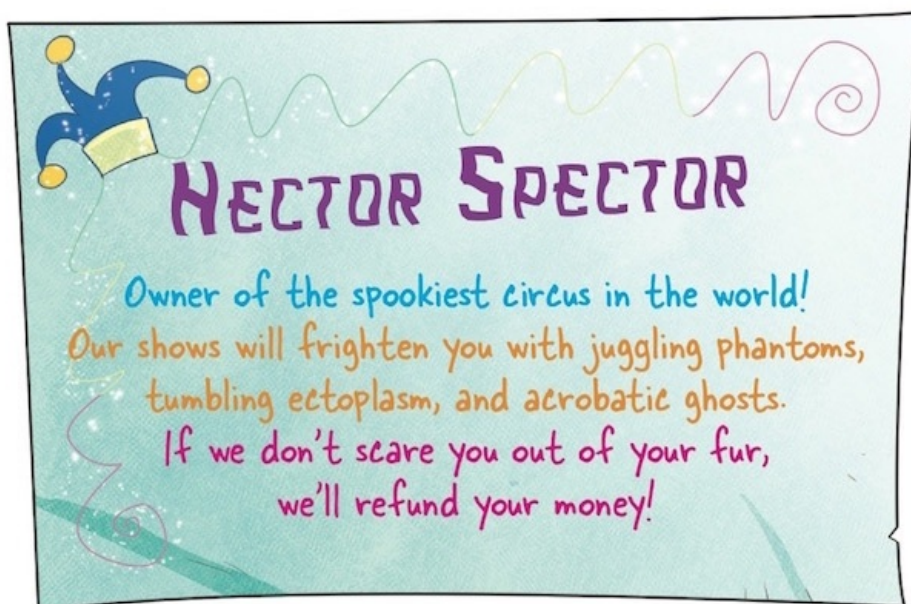
★ *“In the fur and whiskers!”* ★

he responded proudly. “Have you heard of me before?”

“Yes! You are the owner of the **GALLOPING GHOST CIRCUS!**”

Shivereen piped up.

“Hee, hee! That’s me! My circus is like no other,” he bragged, handing Shivereen his **business** card. “I’m certain you would love it!”



"I am a reporter for *The Shivery News*, the most **famouse** daily newspaper in Mysterious Valley," explained Creepella. "And I must interview you!"

"I would be very **happy** to do an interview," Hector replied. "But first, I would like to rest at the hotel I have been **LOOKING** for all night. The owner sent me a map with directions, but I'm afraid I got **lost**."

"Of course!" Creepella agreed. "Shivereen, can you please look at the map and see where it is?"



Hector gave the **map** to Shivereen, and she studied it carefully.

“So **where** should I go?” Creepella asked her.

“It’s funny, but if I’m not mistaken, the **HOTEL** is actually the Rattenbaum Mansion,” Shivereen told her.

Creepella **SLAMMED** on the brakes.
“What? Let me see.”



The Rattenbaums were very unpleasant neighbors, always causing **trouble**. What were they up to now?

“Hmm, I didn’t know they had **transformed** their mansion into a hotel,” she said thoughtfully. “When did Shamley do that?”

Creepella put the car back into **gear** and drove to the Rattenbaum Mansion. Soon they arrived at the battered garden **GATE**. Someone had posted a **shaky** sign there.





“**GRAND HOTEL?**” Creepella read out loud. “We’ll see about that.”

“Are you sure this is the place?” Hector asked, looking at the **peeling** paint and **FALLING** shingles on the face of the old mansion.

“Don’t worry, I’ll come inside with you,” Creepella told him. “Shivereen, please wait in the car!”



She **knocked** on the door, but no one opened it. She gently pushed it open, and it let out a loud **creak**. A feeble candle lit up the hallway.

“Is anyone here? I brought Mr. Spector!” Creepella called out **LOUDLY**.

“Mr. Spector? **Welcome**, our honored guest!”

The booming voice belonged to **Shamley**

Rattenbaum. He stood at the top of the stairs, rudely yelling down at Creepella and Hector.

“Don’t just stand there until your tail gets moldy, Mr. Spector. **Make yourself at home!** Make yourself at home!” Then he squinted. “Is that one of the detestable **VON CACKLEFURS** with you?”

“Don’t **worry** about me, I’m just leaving!” Creepella yelled back at him. She did not want to stay in that **musty** mansion for another second. But as she turned to leave, she heard a familiar voice.

“My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton!* It isn’t *Squilton!*”



Creepella froze for a second, standing as still as a **MUMMY**. Then she hurried toward the Rattenbaums' dusty living room.

"Geronimo Stilton! What are **YOU** doing here?" she exclaimed in **SURPRISE**.

Geronimo was sitting around a rickety table surrounded by the female members of the Rattenbaum family: the three triplets — **Tilly**, **Milly**, and **Lilly** — and Ladi Fifi, their snooty grandmother. A tea set and a plate of cheese biscuits topped the table.

Poor Geronimo was **LOOKING** left and right, like he was trying to escape. His **EYES**

widened when he saw Creepella.

“Creepella! What are you doing here?”

“I asked you first,” she said. “Shouldn’t you be **busy** writing the *Encyclopedia of Ghosts*?”

Creepella had brought Geronimo to Gloomeria to work on the 754-volume encyclopedia.

“Well, yes, but —” Geronimo began.

“We **invited** him —” interrupted Milly.

“— to our **big**,” interrupted Tilly.

“— **Poetry Tea!**” completed Lilly.

“And what exactly is poetic about this tea?” Creepella asked, noticing the messy **cheese** crumbs strewn everywhere.

Lady Fifi cleared her throat. “For your information, in my glorious **youth** I was not only a highly praised **actor** in silent films but also a celebrated author of **love**.”



poems! And Mr. *Squilton* has the honor today of hearing me *recite* them.”

She began to recite, with her snout in the air:

*“My darling, I loved you more than Cheddar!
In fact, nobody loved you better!”*

An embarrassed silence fell over the room.
Lady Fifi took it as encouragement.



*“When you left me,
you broke my heart!
I cried all over my
cream cheese tart!”*

“Tremendous!”
“Terrifying!”
“THRILLING!”



The triplets applauded.

“I didn’t want to come, **believe** me,” Geronimo whispered to Creepella. “I am only on page 1,327 of the encyclopedia! But the triplets said they would sic the **Cheesy Ghost** on me unless I came to the tea!”

“Honestly, Gerrykins! The Cheesy Ghost isn’t even that **SCARY**,” Creepella said. Just then, she heard a **squeak** and the fluttering of little wings behind her.

“**Bitewing!** What are **YOU** doing here?” she asked.

“I was looking for you and I saw the Turborapid 3000 in the garden,” Bitewing replied.

“What are **YOU** doing in Rattenbaum Mansion?”

“It’s a **long story**,”



Creepella said. “So what’s going on?”

“Cacklefur Castle is in **upheaval**!” cried Bitewing. “You must get home!”

EMERGENCY! EMERGENCY!
EMERGENCYYYY!

“Okay,” Creepella said. “Gerrykins, let’s get away from this **cheesy poetry**.”

She grabbed him by the collar and pulled him away. The Rattenbaum triplets exchanged looks. Geronimo was the most **interesting** visitor they’d had in ages. They weren’t just going to let him go!

Creepella and Geronimo **snuck** out of the mansion. Lady Fifi’s snout was still in the air, so she didn’t notice. She kept reciting her **poetry**.



*“My tears run hot like melted cheese.
I hope your fur gets infested with fleas!”*

Then she opened her eyes. “Mr.
Squilton, where are you? *Mr. Squiiiiiiiiilton?*”





A NOT-SO-GRAND HOTEL

Hector Spector was still standing by the front door of the Grand Hotel Rattenbaum with his enormous **SUITCASE** at his feet. He watched as Creepella, Geronimo, and Bitewing **hurried** right past his snout. A few seconds later, the triplets followed them.

Before he could ask questions, Shamley Rattenbaum came up to him and put a paw on his shoulder. “**My dear Mr. Spector!** Come, let me show you the hotel!”

Shamley **PROUDLY** waved his paw in the hallway. “The Rattenbaums are the **finest** family in Mysterious Valley. My



ancestors built this mansion years ago, and now we've turned it into this fine hotel. Let me show you every **hook** and **cranny**."

Hector Spector walked right into a sticky **spiderweb**. "Could you just please show me my room? I'd like to get some rest."

Shamley looked disappointed. "Oh, okay."

He led Hector through the **Gloomy Gallery**, a **HALL** decorated with portraits of the Rattenbaum ancestors. Like Lady Fifi, they all had their snouts in the air. Hector noticed **CRACKS** in the walls and more **peeling** paint. This place sure didn't look like a luxury hotel!

They went upstairs and turned into an even more narrow and dreary hallway. Hector noticed the old, **TORN** wallpaper and shook his head. Now he was convinced. This wasn't a hotel. It was just a **crumbling**

old house!

Shamley stopped in front of a tiny door.
“Here we are!” he cried.

He opened the door to reveal a tiny room with a tiny, **rickety** canopy bed, a tiny desk half-eaten by **termites**, and a tiny wardrobe with an open door that kept swinging back and forth, **CREAKING**. The wallpaper was peeling, and there were stains everywhere.

“Is this the **luxury** suite you promised me?” Hector asked. He couldn’t believe his eyes.

“**OF COURSE!** Of course! The finest in Mysterious Valley!” Shamley insisted. “Now, let me let you get some rest.”

He quickly backed out of the room, **slamming** the door behind him. The whole house **shook**.



Hector looked around, sighing. He tried to sit on the bed, but it **collapsed**. He



opened the drawer on the wardrobe, and a **CLOUD OF TERMITES** surrounded him. He

turned on the rusty faucet in the corner sink, but

only three drops of

SMELLY SLIME

came out.

“RATS AND BATS!” exclaimed

Hector. “So much for

my rest. I should have never trusted the advertisement for this hotel. It is truly

Cough!



Yuck...





falling to **pieces**. Oh well . . . I'm here now, so I may as well rehearse!"

He opened the enormous suitcase. Inside, the ghosts of the circus snored **peacefully** in their jars.

"Rise and shine, Lazy bones!"

Hector said loudly. "While you were all resting, I was **dragging** you all over this valley. But now it's your turn. We must begin rehearsals for tonight's show. Let's get moving!"

He opened the lid of every jar, and the performing ghosts **floated** out, happy to be free.

Meanwhile, on the floor below, Shamley and Lady Fifi were **bickering**.

"Transform the mansion into a hotel! Only



TUMBLING
GHOSTS

JUGGLING
PHANTOMS

STRONGMAN
GHOSTS



MAGICIAN
ECTOPLASM

ACROBATIC
PHANTOMS

CLOWN
GHOSTS

your **moldy** mind could come up with an idea like that!” Lady Fifi cried.

“This is a **great idea**,” said Shamley.
“Hector Spector travels all over. He can spread the word about how fine this place is!”

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!”
“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!”
“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

A piercing scream echoed through the mansion, interrupting their argument.



THE MISSING GHOSTS

“What was that?” asked Lady Fifi.

“It came from the guest room!” exclaimed Shamley, **Running** up the stairs.

He found Hector pacing the room, pulling at his whiskers.

“They’re **gone. Gone!**” he wailed.

“Who?” asked Lady Fifi, **GLANCING** around the room. The dirty carpet was littered with open, **EMPTY** jars.

“The Prankster Ghosts!” Hector yelled. “Their jar is missing!”

He shook his head. “This is so **strange**. They always travel in the suitcase with the



other **GHOSTS**. Without them, I can't start rehearsal. I can't even have a show!"

Shamley looked around lazily. "Maybe they're somewhere **HERE** in the mansion."

Crash! Bang! Boom!

Lady Fifi turned pale.



“That came from the **CRYSTAL ROOM**,” she said.

The Crystal Room contained all the glasses, dishes, and platters in the mansion. The three rodents ran to the room — and found a **TUMBLING GHOST** practicing his routines. He was **BREAKING** every dish and cup in sight!

Lady Fifi saw the broken **PIECES** of her precious china and immediately fainted.

Shamley and Hector dragged her into the parlor and set her on a couch to recover.

A few minutes later, Lady Fifi opened an eye. Right at



that moment, a *JUGGLING GHOST* passed in front of her — and the objects he was juggling were her precious antique *wigs*! She *fainted* again.

“I’m so sorry that my ghosts are *misbehaving*,” said Hector. “Usually





they are very polite, but since we can't practice without the Prankster Ghosts, I think they are **bored**."

Shamley was fanning his wife with his worn-out top hat. "You will understand that I must **raise** your rates for this!" he said.

At that moment, he felt a strange sensation. Something was lifting him up into the air! It was the **STRONGMAN GHOST**, who had picked him up as if he were as light as a feather. Now he **swung** Shamley around and around above his head.

"Forget it! I won't raise your rates!" Shamley yelled. "Just **LET ME DOWN** right now!"

But the ghost just spun him around more **quickly**.

"Okay! Okay! I'll give you a **discount**!" Shamley yelled.

The ghost tossed him in the air like a **cheese pizza**, catching him just inches before he hit the floor.



“Fine! You can stay for **FREE!**” Shamley yelled. “But, Hector, get these ghosts under control!”





GHOSTLY PRANKS

Not too far away, Creepella pulled her car in front of **CACKLEFUR CASTLE**. As soon as Creepella, Geronimo, Shiveren, and Bitewing came inside, they saw Boris von Cacklefur ***pacing*** in front of the entrance.

“It’s a **tragedy!**” he cried, when he saw his daughter. “They glued them all together with **chewing gum!**”

“Oh no! What a **DISASTER!**” Creepella replied, immediately understanding her father.

“Who **GLUED** what?” Geronimo asked.

“Father’s **COFFINS**, of course,” Creepella replied.

“It will take a century to reopen them all!” Boris wailed. *“My whiskers will mold before I finish!”*

Suddenly they heard a clang from the dining room.

CRASH!





Creepella and Geronimo hurried into the dining room, where they found an **unusual** sight. Boneham, the perfectly **PROPER** butler of Cacklefur



Castle, was sitting on the floor. Pieces of scattered **BROKEN GLASS** surrounded him.

“Miss Creepella!” moaned Boneham. “In my many years of service, I have never broken a thing! And now **LOOK!**”

“Holey cheese!” cried Geronimo. “How did this happen?”

Creepella pointed. “Don’t you see? Someone substituted Boneham’s shoes with **roller skates!**”

Then Shivereen ran in. “Auntie, please

come *right away*! Grandpa Frankenstein is very upset!”

Creepella and Geronimo followed Shiveren to the basement. Grandpa paced *nervously* back and forth, shaking his





paws. “They **UNBANDAGED** them, can you believe it? They unbandaged them one by one!

“Unbandaged what?” Geronimo asked.

“His **MUMMIES**, of course!” Creepella replied impatiently. “What else is bandaged around here?”

“Geronimo wants his mummy!”

Bitewing teased, fluttering around the writer’s head.

Creepella frowned. “This seems like an awful lot of **tricks**, even for the twins.”

“Speaking of the twins, no one has **SEEN** them all morning,” Shivereen told her. “Where could they have gone?”

“We are here . . . **SIGH.**”

“Right here . . . **sniff.**”

They all turned to see the twins sitting on the cellar stairs, crying. Creepella was about

to scold them when she noticed something strange.

Someone had **TIED** the twins' tails together!

"Who did this?" she asked, astonished.

"We don't know," **sniveled** Snip.

"We were taking a nap,"

moaned Snap.

"And when we woke up . . ." continued Snip.

"We found our tails **TIED** together!" finished Snap.





The twins looked truly **miserable**.

“Well, I don’t think that you two would have **tied** your own tails together,” Creepella said. “So that means you probably haven’t caused all the other **chaos** in the castle, either.”

“So then who played all of these terrible **PRANKS**?” Geronimo asked.

“I don’t have any idea . . . but I think we have a new **MYSTERY** on our paws!” exclaimed Creepella.

MISCHIEVOUS GHOST?

Creepella, Geronimo, Shiveren, and the **WHIMPERING** twins made their way back upstairs.

“Here is our mystery: Someone is **PRANKING** us behind our backs,” she said. “And if it’s not the twins, then who is it? Any idea, Gerrykins?”

“An **INTRUDER**?” Geronimo guessed.

“But what kind of intruder?” asked Creepella.

“A **MUMMY** come to life?” proposed Shiveren.

Geronimo’s fur turned





PALE GREEN with fear.

“A monster that crawled out of the moat?”
guessed Snip and Snap.

Now Geronimo was a
medium green,
like moldy cheese.



“Or maybe . . . a mischievous
ghost?” Creepella suggested.



Geronimo turned **DARK GREEN**, like the deep forest.

“Gerrykins, do
not even think about
fainting right now!” warned
Creepella. “You need to be
clearheaded so we can
begin our **SEARCH**.”

“S-s-search?” Geronimo
stammered.





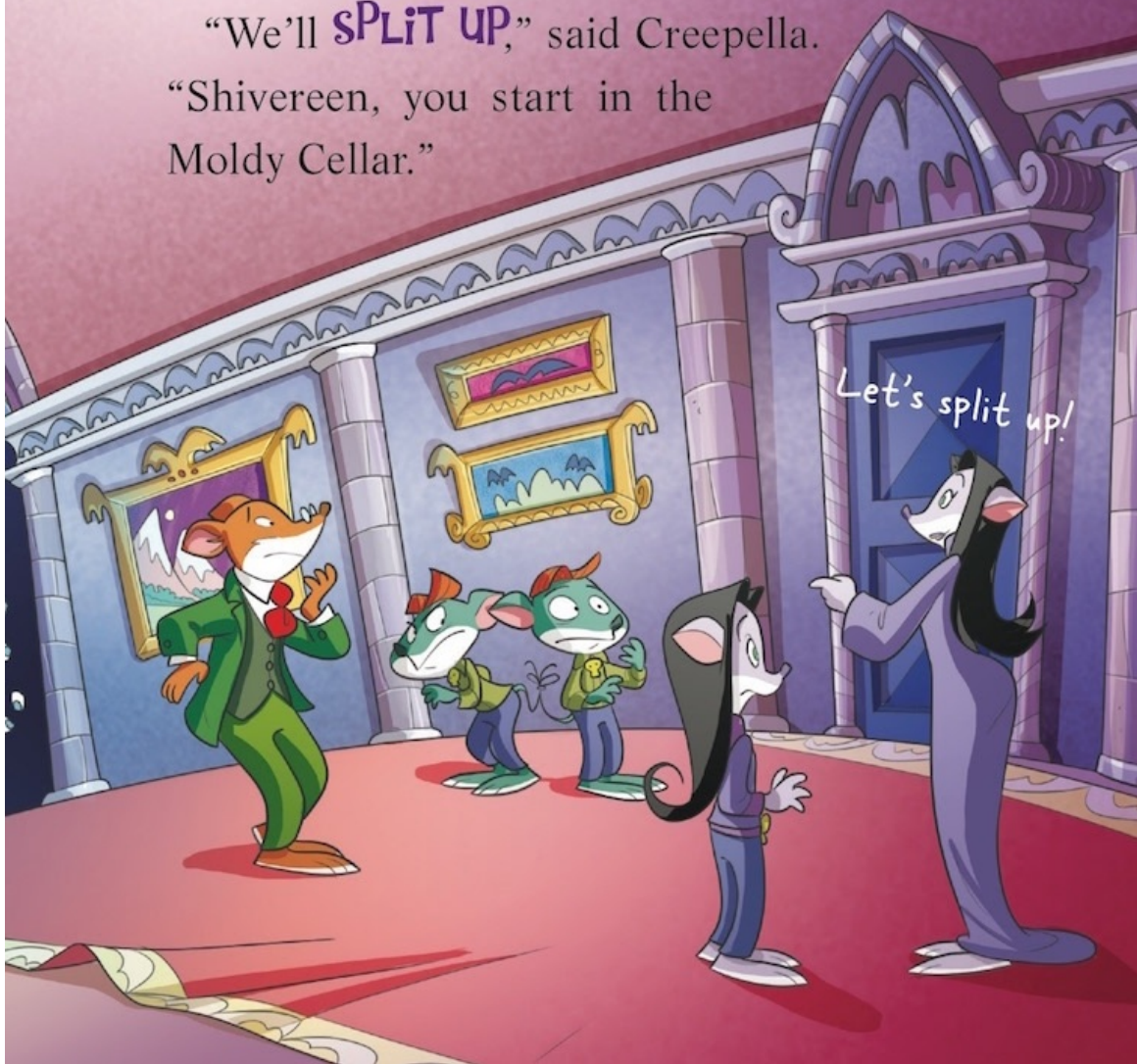
MISCHIEVOUS GHOST?

“Yes! Whoever is pulling these pranks is **hidden** somewhere in the castle!” Creepella said.

“How do we proceed, Auntie?” Shivereen asked.

“We’ll **SPLIT UP**,” said Creepella.

“Shivereen, you start in the Moldy Cellar.”





Creepella pointed to the **twins**. “Snip and Snap will stay on the first floor and keep watch while I check the bedrooms. Gerrykins, you must go to the top.”

“What do you mean by the **TOP**?” Geronimo asked.

Creepella sighed. Geronimo was a great writer, but he didn’t know much about Mysterious Valley. “This is a castle, Gerrykins. And every castle has t —”

“**TERRACES?**” Geronimo asked.

“No, to —”

“**Toilets?**” guessed Geronimo.

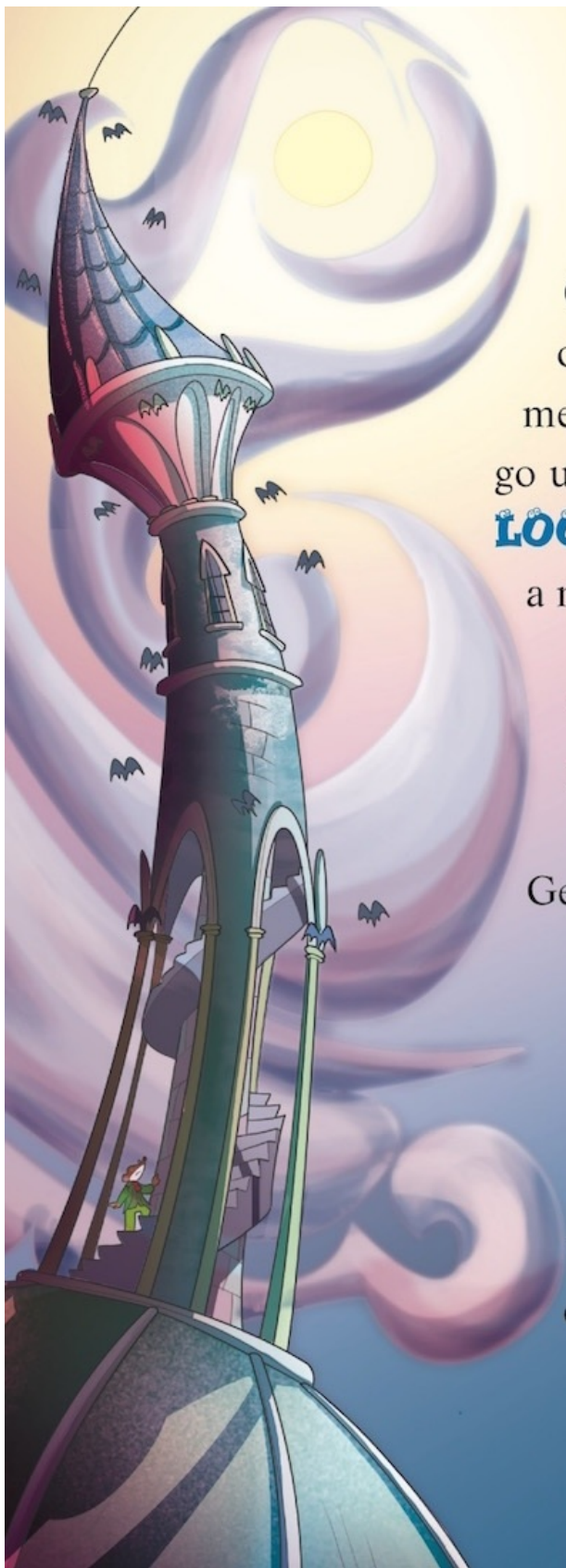
Creepella sighed her head. “No, I mean tow —”

“**TOWELS?**”

Creepella rolled her eyes, exasperated.

“Towers!” she told him.

“Oh, of course! **TOWERS!**” exclaimed



Geronimo. "But wait one minute. Do you mean that I have to go up there by myself to **LOOK** for a mummy or a monster or a ghost?"

Creepella nodded. "Yes! There is no time to lose!"

"R-r-r-right now?" Geronimo stammered.

"Yes, Geronimo,"

Creepella said.

"Everyone, let's **begin** the search!"

With **trembling** whiskers, Geronimo climbed up the first winding staircase



he saw, which led to **Bitewing's Tower**.
It seemed like it became **NARROWER** and
DARKER the higher he went.

Then Geronimo thought he heard a hiss.

"It's only my imagination," he muttered,
trying to give himself some **COURAGE**.

But then he heard another hiss — louder,
this time.

BAM!

A door slammed somewhere behind him.

Geronimo jumped. "Is someone there?"

Hiss . . . hiss . . . hiss . . .

The hisses were coming from behind him!
Heart **pounding**, he hurried up the last
steps as **quickly** as he could.



Creepella was discouraged. She had searched every inch of every bedroom but had not found anything **suspicious**. Shivereen had not found a single **CLUE** in the Moldy Cellar. And while they kept watch, Snip and Snap had seen only Boneham go by, with a **BANDAGED** bottom.

“Let’s hope that Geronimo has found something,” Creepella said. “It’s been an hour since we began searching — plenty of time to check the towers. So **where is he?**”

Nobody had seen him.



"I hope he didn't get himself into some kind of **MESS**," Creepella said. "Snip and Snap, did you see which tower he went into?"

"Um, over **THERE**," said Snip, pointing to stairs in the east wing.

"No, over **HERE**," said Snap, pointing to stairs in the west wing.



"I suppose I will have to **explore** them all, then," said Creepella, heading up the staircase to the Bewitched Tower. She didn't know that three pairs of **EYES** were following her.

"What do we do?"

"Do we **follow her**?"

"Yes, but don't let her see us!"

Milly, Tilly, and Lilly had arrived at

Cacklefur Castle to follow Geronimo. But when they had seen all the **UNUSUAL PRANKS** being played, they became curious. So they stayed **hidden**, hoping to catch the **MYSTERIOUS** prankster.

They followed Creepella up to the Bewitched Tower. It was filled with mirrors that created very **strange** reflections.

“**Gerrykins!**” called Creepella, but he didn’t answer her. For a split second she thought she caught a glimpse of his **reflection** from the corner of her eye. She quickly turned around, but she didn’t see him there.

“He isn’t here,” she muttered. “He must be in another tower.”

As she left, the **triplets** stopped to check themselves out in the mirrors.

“This little **HAT** really looks great on



me!” **bragged** Tilly.

“But it’s not as **beautiful** as mine!” said Milly.

Lilly sniffed. “I’m sorry for you both, but I am the **cutest**!”

While the Rattenbaums bickered, Creepella headed for Bitewing’s Tower. To get there, she had to pass the **Crocodile Pool** and the **Piranha Tank**. She glanced at her fish. They seemed restless.

 **“What is it, little ones?”**  she asked.

The fish stared at her with their large round eyes, as if they wanted to say something.

“I’ll check on you later,” she said. “Now I must find that **scaredy-mouse** Geronimo!” Then she headed up the winding



staircase leading to the tower.

A few seconds later, the triplets entered the pool room.

“She came through here!”

“She went upstairs!”

“Keep following her!”



Creepella threw open the door of Bitewing's Tower. Her pet bat, along with all the other **BATS** in the castle, loved to sleep there during the day. They hung **upside down** from the rafters. Creepella saw many bats but not one newspaper mouse.

"Maybe Geronimo is in the **watchtower**," Creepella mused. As she turned to leave, her foot hit something: a **BUTTON** from her friend's jacket.

"So Geronimo was here . . ."

"MMMMFF!"



Creepella thought she heard a muffled groan. She listened, and there it was again.

“**M M M M F F !**”

The sound came from a trunk in the middle of the room. Creepella opened it and saw . . .

“Gerrykins! Why are you in a **TRUNK**?”

“I — I don’t know,” he replied. He was **CLUTCHING** his knees to his chest and **trembling**. “I heard a sound coming from the trunk and when I bent down to look —”

“You got **pushed** in!” Creepella cried. “But why didn’t you just push the lid open and get out?”

“I, um, knew I could do that, of course,” Geronimo said. “I just wanted to, um,

inspect the trunk for **CLUES!**"

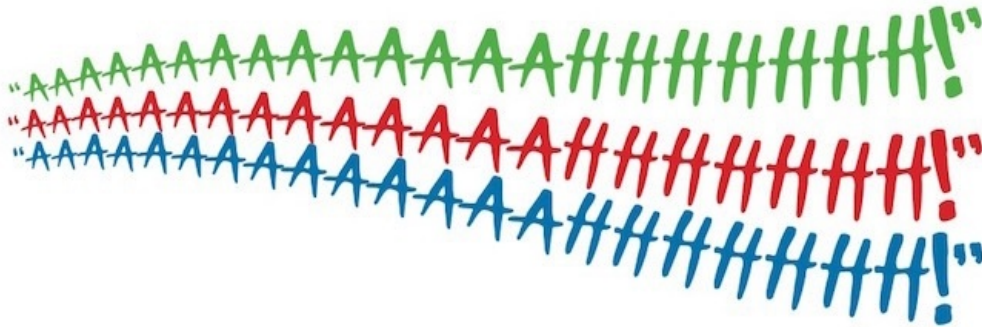
Creepella **smiled**. She knew her poor friend had been too scared to come out.

"And did you find any?" she asked.

"Er, no," Geronimo admitted.

Suddenly, three **LOUD** and terrible screams pierced their eardrums.





“Holey cheese!” Geronimo cried. “Who or what was that?”

Creepella grabbed him by the arm. “I know of only three creatures capable of **SCREAMING** like that. Come on!”

Dragging Geronimo against his will, Creepella went back downstairs to the pool room. As she had suspected, the Rattenbaum **triplets** were there. With their mouths open in **HORROR**, they were pointing at the **Piranha Tank**.

Three of the piranhas were wearing the triplets’ hats! Creepella couldn’t help herself and burst out **laughing**. The Rattenbaums got angry.





“Easy for you to laugh!” said Tilly.

“Those **MONSTROUS** little beings didn’t steal *your* hats!” added Milly.

“And throw them in the pool!” finished Lilly.

“**Little beings**, you said?” Creepella asked, suddenly curious. “What did they look like?”

“They were *little*!” said the first triplet.

“**They were mushy!**” said the second triplet.

“**THEY WERE PALE!**” said the third triplet.

“And they could **fly!**” all three finished at once.

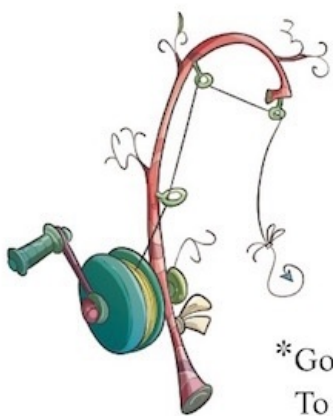
“Very interesting,” remarked Creepella. An idea was forming in her mind . . .



The piranhas were starting to **nibble** on the triplets' hats when Shivereen walked in.

"What's going — **UH OH!** Be right back!" she exclaimed.

She rushed off and then appeared a minute later with a small toy **fishing rod**.



"I made this to fish out the fallen objects in the moat before **GORGÔ*** gobbles them," she explained. "I thought it might be useful now."

*Gorgo is the monster in Cacklefur Castle's moat. To get to know him, read Creepella's adventure *Meet Me in Horrorwood*.



Shivereen cleverly used the rod to fish the hats out of the Piranha Tank. The triplets put the **soaked**, **chewed** hats on their heads and went home, scowling. Creepella watched in **silence** as they left. She was very deep in thought.

“Creepella, is everything okay?” Geronimo asked **timidly**.

Creepella nodded. “Maybe. I’m close to solving the **MYSTERY**. Come with me!”

Geronimo and Shivereen followed her to her room, where she removed a heavy volume from her **bookshelf**: *The Daily Almanac of Mysterious Valley*. She leafed through it for a moment with a look of great **concentration** on her face. Then she let out a satisfied sigh.

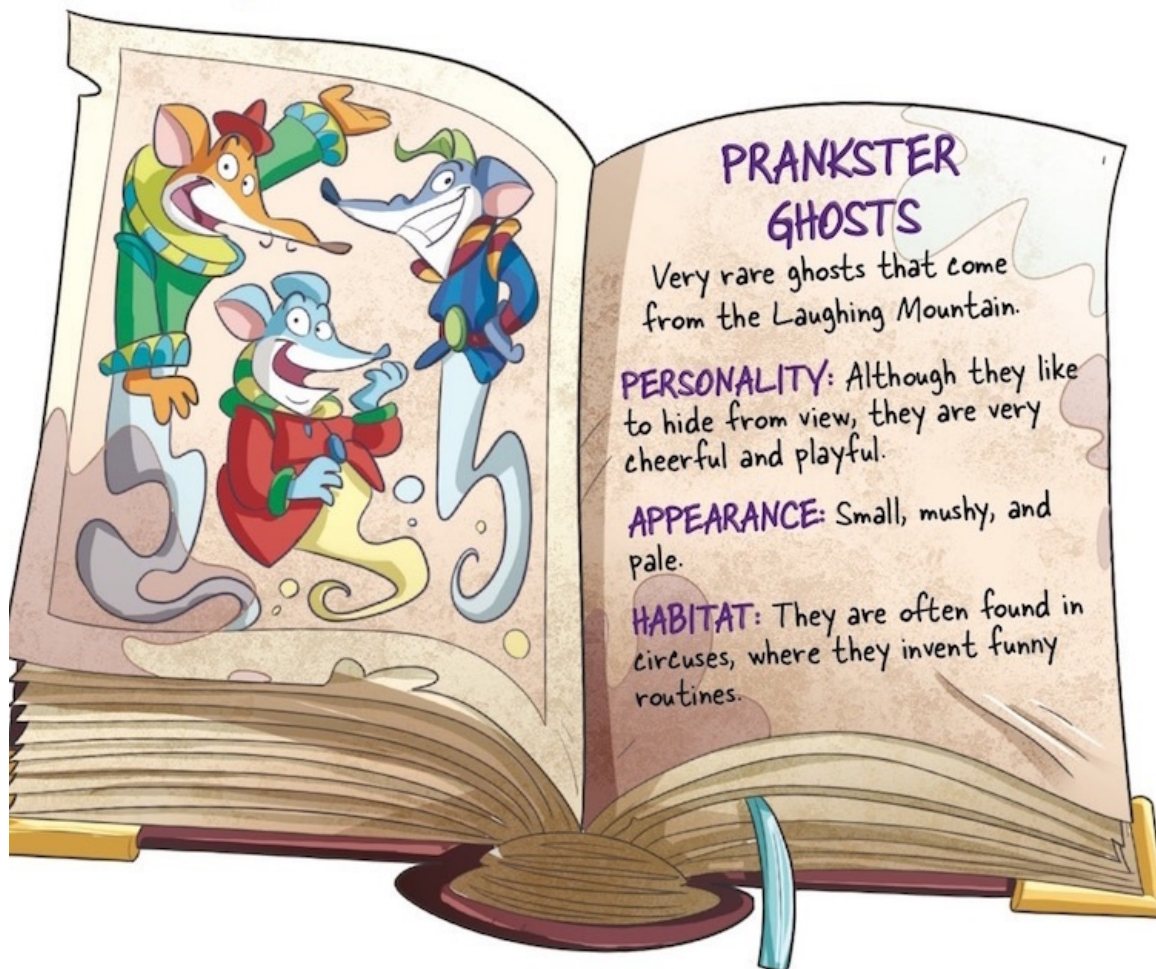
“**HERE IT IS!**” she exclaimed.

Shivereen looked over her shoulder. “This

is the same description that the Rattenbaums gave of the **PRANKSTERS!**"

"**Exactly!**" exclaimed Creepella. "And did you see the last line?"

Shivereen nodded. "It's all **coming together.**"





“**What** are you two talking about?” asked Geronimo.

“Gerrykins, I don’t have time to explain,” said Creepella. “I must make a **phone call**!”



She quickly typed a number into her cell phone. After many **rings**, the Rattenbaums’ elderly butler finally answered.

“Hello?”

“Hello, this is Creepella von Cackle —”

BOOM! The loud noise came through the phone.

“Excuse me,” said the butler. “Things at the mansion are a little crazy today.”

CRASH!

“Do Hector Spector’s ghosts have anything to do with it?”



“Why, yes! They are causing quite a **panic**,” the butler said.

BANG!

“May I please speak to your guest, **Hector Spector**?” Creepella replied.

“I’ll call him right away!” the butler assured her.

After a long wait, she finally heard Hector’s breathless voice on the other end.



“Creepella!” he cried. “This hotel is a disaster, my ghosts have **gone wild**, and even worse, I can’t find —”



“The **PRANKSTER GHOSTS**?” she asked.

Hector was surprised.



“How did you know?”

“They are over here,” Creepella replied.
“We need to figure out **WHERE** they are
and **HOW** they got here.”

“I’ve been thinking,” Hector said. “It’s
possible that someone got into my suitcase
when I was sleeping next to that pear tree.”

“Which **pear tree**?”

“Maybe it wasn’t a pear tree,” Hector said
thoughtfully. “Maybe it was an apple tree . . .
no, it was a **WALNUT TREE!**”

“A walnut tree. Hmm,” Creepella said
thoughtfully. “Please come over so we can
get those **ghosts**.”

“Right away!” said Hector.

Creepella ended the call. Now she had an
idea of how those prankster ghosts had
gotten into the castle.

“I must find **Snip** and **Snap**,” she said.



Creepella found the twins with their tails still **TIED** together.

“If you don’t tell me the **truth** right now, you won’t get any **cheese** sandwiches for a month!” she threatened. “Did you take the Prankster Ghosts from Hector Spector?”

The twins looked at each other, **frightened**. They knew they could not lie to Creepella.

“We didn’t know what was in the jar!” Snip blurted out. “When we opened it, it seemed **EMPTY!**”

“Then we were **tired**, so we went to



sleep,” Snap added.

“We were tired because we woke up extra early to —” Snip began, but a **nudge** from his brother stopped him.



Geronimo had finally figured out what had happened. “If you let the **ghosts** out, then you must get them back,” he said.

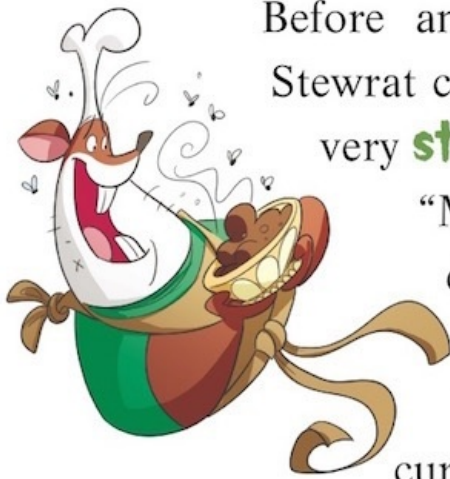
“That will not be **easy**!” said Hector Spector, bursting into the castle at just that moment. “These ghosts love to play **TRICKS**, and it sounds like they have been having a good time here.”

“Is there some way we can **lure** them back in the jar?” Shivereen asked.

Hector sighed. “I don’t know.”

Then Madame LaTomb walked in. “Good day — **ACHOO**! I’m finally feeling better.

Did something **happen** while I was sick?" she asked.



Before anyone could reply, Chef Stewrat came in holding a bowl of very **stinky** stew.

"Madame! What are you doing?" he asked her. "I have brought you my Feel Better Stew! It can cure the common cold, or

a **tarantula's** headache, an **earthworm's** stiff neck, or a **ghost's** allergies."



As soon as he said the word *ghost*, Madame LaTomb's hair began to rustle.



It was not **HOWLER**, her were-canary. Instead, three little **pale**, **mushy** ghosts popped up, sniffing the stinky stew.



★ "MY DEAR GHOSTS!" ★

exclaimed Hector happily.

"Even they can't resist Chef Stewrat's stew," remarked Creepella, amused.

Hector gently scolded the phantoms. "Enough **PRANKS**, please. The von Cacklefur family has been very **patient** with you. But now it is time to go. The others have been waiting for you for hours, and we must begin rehearsals for the **SHOW!**"





The three Prankster Ghosts **happily** fluttered back to Hector Spector, **glad** to have found their friend. They **floated** right into the jar, ready to be taken to Rattenbaum Mansion and to prepare for the big show.





“Dear Creepella, how can I thank you?” asked a very **relieved** Hector Spector.

“Well, there is that **interview** you promised me. May we do it now?” she asked.

“Of course!” Hector replied. “And you and your whole family are **invited** to the show tonight so that you can forgive me for the trouble I’ve caused you.”

Shivereen clapped her hands and cheered. **“HOORAY!”**

“Can we come, too?” asked Snip and Snap timidly.

Creepella stared at the twins, thinking.

They seemed to be **sorry**, and their poor tails were still tied together.

“Yes, you may come,” she replied. “But first you must **apologize** to Mr. Spector and **help** him with his rehearsals. Gerrykins, untie their tails!”

While Geronimo went to work, they all heard a noise on the stairs. Howler was **hopping** down them, step by step. He was in a terrible mood.

“It is **UNACCEPTABLE! UNHEARD OF! RIDICULOUS!**” he shrieked. “Me, the most **FEROCIOUS** were-canary in Mysterious Valley, evicted from my nest by three silly little ghosts. **Sheesh!**”

Everyone **laughed**.

The mysterious adventure was over!

That night, they all gathered

Sheesh!





under the big tent to witness the most
EXCITING, **MONSTROUS**, and
UNPREDICTABLE show ever seen in
Gloomeria:









A GREAT SUCCESS!

As soon as I finished reading the story, a great **coMmotion** sprung up around me and Benjamin.

CLAP CLAP CLAP

The other rodents in line to buy tickets for the circus were **applauding**. They all loved Creepella's latest tale!

"What a **thrilling** story indeed, Mr. Stilton," remarked a mouse in front of me. "Very strange and spooky."

"Of course, you did seem like a bit of a **scaredy-mouse**," added another rodent.



The rodent next to him agreed. “Yes, a **scaredy-mouse!**”

“But you must **publish** this story!” someone else added, and everyone in line agreed.



“It’s sensational!”



“EXCITING AND FRIGHTENING!”



“Did you hear that, Uncle?” asked Benjamin. “Everyone wants you to publish it. You have a **bestseller** in your paws.”

I nodded. Creepella had done it again! That didn’t surprise me. She is the most **TERRIFYING** author of **thrilling** tales in all of Mysterious Valley!



Then the line started to move **quickly**.



Editing Creepella's book would have to wait until tomorrow. Nothing could keep me from seeing the **FLYING FUR CIRCUS!**

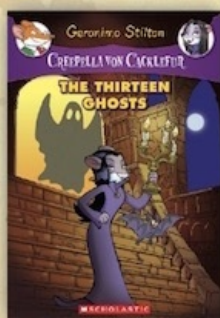
"What do you think, Uncle?" asked Benjamin. "Do you think it will be as good as Hector Spector's Galloping Ghost Circus?"

"Well, it might not be quite as **spooktacular**, but I'm sure it will be **spectacular**," I replied with a grin. "We will have a good time, or my name isn't Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton!*"

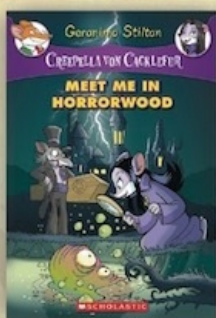




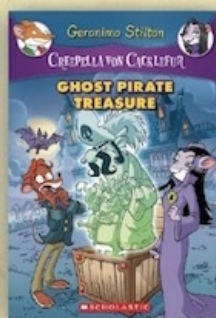
Don't miss any of
my thrilling tales!



#1 THE THIRTEEN
GHOSTS



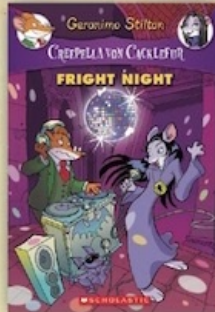
#2 MEET ME IN
HORRORWOOD



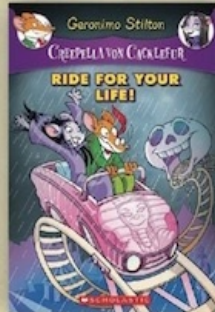
#3 GHOST PIRATE
TREASURE



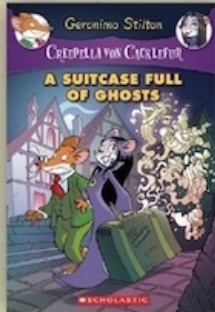
#4 RETURN OF THE
VAMPIRE



#5 FRIGHT NIGHT



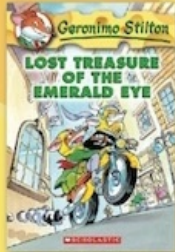
#6 RIDE FOR
YOUR LIFE!



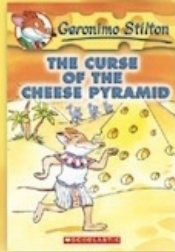
#7 A SUITCASE
FULL OF GHOSTS



**Be sure to read all my
fabumouse adventures!**



#1 Lost Treasure of the Emerald Eye



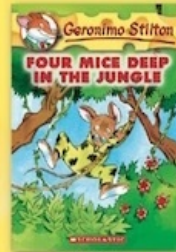
#2 The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid



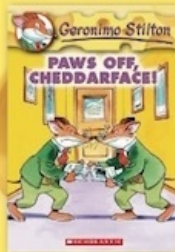
#3 Cat and Mouse in a Haunted House



#4 I'm Too Fond of My Fur!



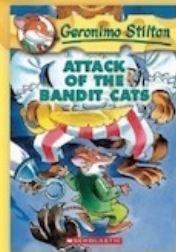
#5 Four Mice Deep in the Jungle



#6 Paws Off, Cheddarface!



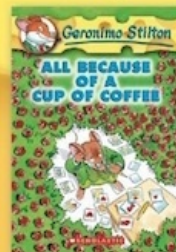
#7 Red Pizzas for a Blue Count



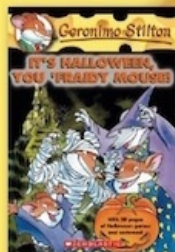
#8 Attack of the Bandit Cats



#9 A Fabumouse Vacation for Geronimo



#10 All Because of a Cup of Coffee



#11 It's Halloween, You 'Fraidy Mouse!



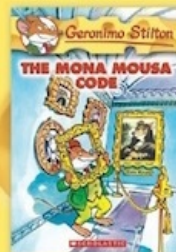
#12 Merry Christmas, Geronimo!



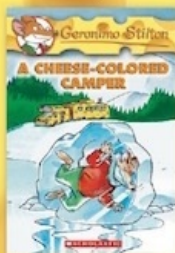
#13 The Phantom of the Subway



#14 The Temple of the Ruby of Fire



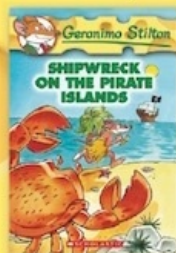
#15 The Mona Mousa Code



#16 A Cheese-Colored Camper



#17 Watch Your Whiskers, Stilton!



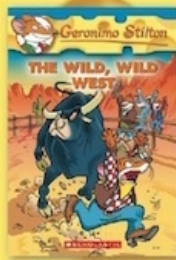
#18 Shipwreck on the Pirate Islands



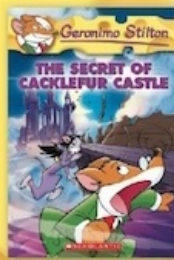
#19 My Name Is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton



#20 Surf's Up, Geronimo!



#21 The Wild, Wild West



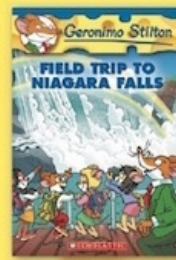
#22 The Secret of Cacklefur Castle



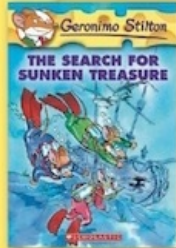
A Christmas Tale



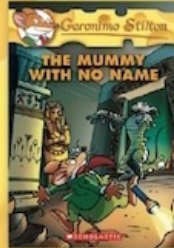
#23 Valentine's Day Disaster



#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls



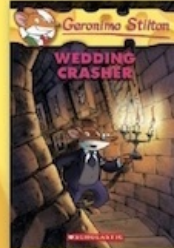
#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure



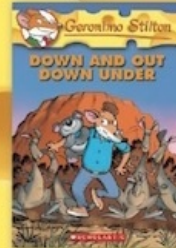
#26 The Mummy with No Name



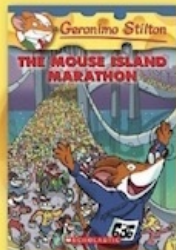
#27 The Christmas Toy Factory



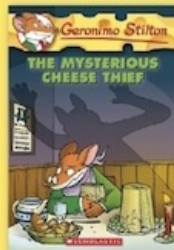
#28 Wedding Crasher



#29 Down and Out Down Under



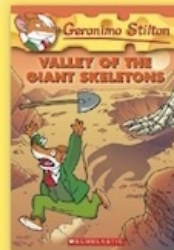
#30 The Mouse Island Marathon



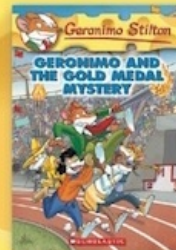
#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief



Christmas Catastrophe



#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery



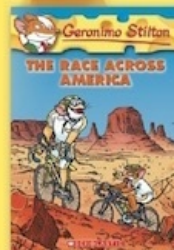
#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent



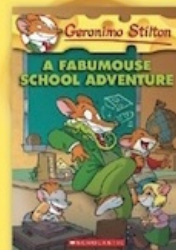
#35 A Very Merry Christmas



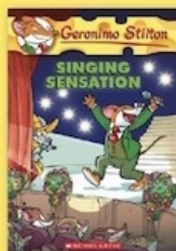
#36 Geronimo's Valentine



#37 The Race Across America



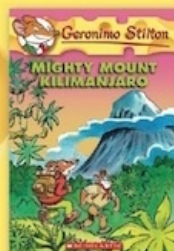
#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



#40 The Karate Mouse



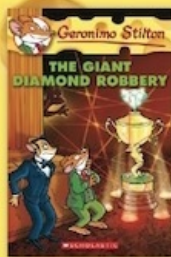
#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro



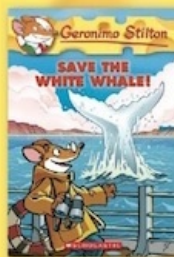
#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!



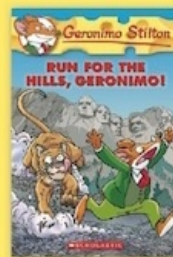
#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



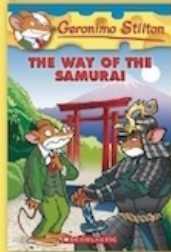
#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



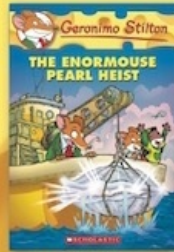
#48 The Mystery in Venice



#49 The Way of the Samurai



#50 This Hotel Is Haunted!



#51 The Enormous Pearl Heist



#52 Mouse in Space!



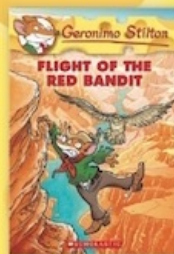
#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



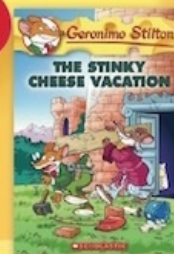
#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



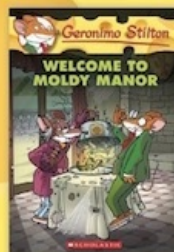
The Hunt for the Golden Book



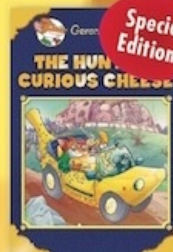
#57 The Stinky Cheese Vacation



#58 The Super Chef Contest



#59 Welcome to Moldy Manor



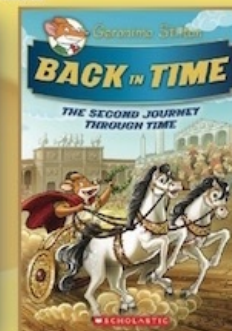
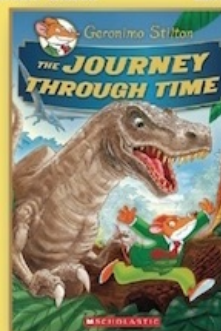
The Hunt for the Curious Cheese



#60 The Treasure of Easter Island



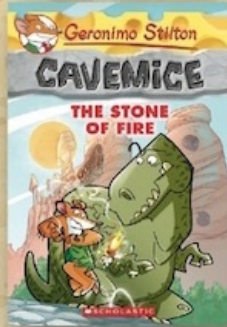
**Don't miss
my journeys
through time!**



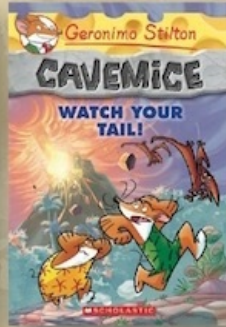


Meet GERONIMO STILTONOOT

He is a cavemouse — Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!



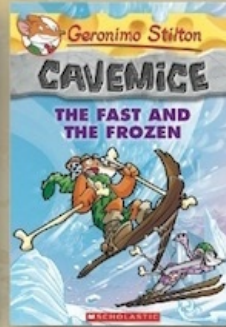
#1 The Stone of Fire



#2 Watch Your Tail!



#3 Help, I'm in Hot Lava!



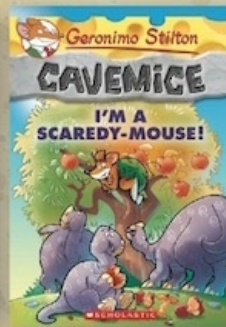
#4 The Fast and the Frozen



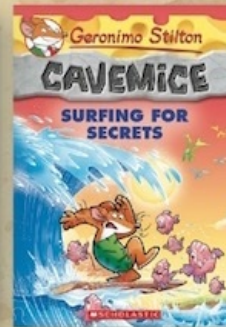
#5 The Great Mouse Race



#6 Don't Wake the Dinosaur!



#7 I'm a Scaredy-Mouse!



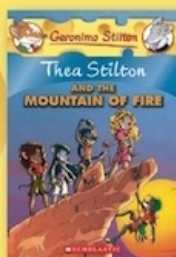
#8 Surfing for Secrets



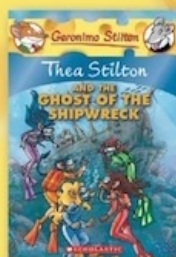
Be sure to check out these exciting adventures from my sister, Thea Stilton!



Thea Stilton and the Dragon's Code



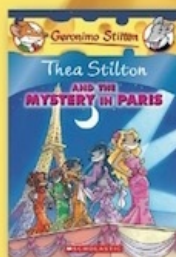
Thea Stilton and the Mountain of Fire



Thea Stilton and the Ghost of the Shipwreck



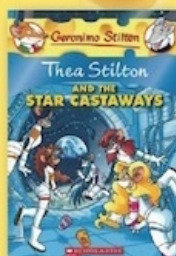
Thea Stilton and the Secret City



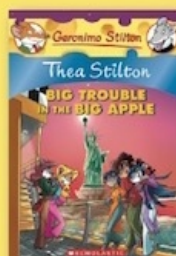
Thea Stilton and the Mystery in Paris



Thea Stilton and the Cherry Blossom Adventure



Thea Stilton and the Star Castaways



Thea Stilton: Big Trouble in the Big Apple



Thea Stilton and the Ice Treasure



Thea Stilton and the Secret of the Old Castle



Thea Stilton and the Blue Scarab Hunt



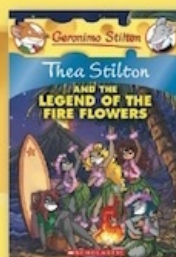
Thea Stilton and the Prince's Emerald



Thea Stilton and the Mystery on the Orient Express



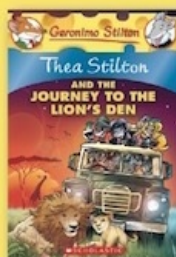
Thea Stilton and the Dancing Shadows



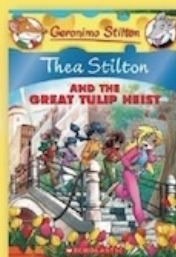
Thea Stilton and the Legend of the Fire Flowers



Thea Stilton and the Spanish Dance Mission



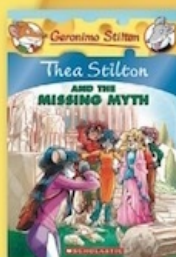
Thea Stilton and the Journey to the Lion's Den



Thea Stilton and the Great Tulip Heist



Thea Stilton and the Chocolate Sabotage



Thea Stilton and the Missing Myth



1. Mountains of the Mangy Yeti

2. Cacklefur Castle

3. Angry Walnut Tree

4. Rattenbaum Mansion

5. Rancidrat River

6. Bridge of Shaky Steps

7. Squeakspeare Mansion

8. Slimy Swamp

9. Ogre Highway

10. Gloomeria

11. Shivery Arts Academy

12. Horrorwood Studios

MYSTERIOUS VALLEY





ACKLEFUR CASTLE

1. Oozing moat
2. Drawbridge
3. Grand entrance
4. Moldy basement
5. Patio, with a view of the moat
6. Dusty library
7. Room for unwanted guests
8. Mummy room
9. Watchtower
10. Creaking staircase
11. Banquet room
12. Garage (for antique hearses)
13. Bewitched tower
14. Garden of carnivorous plants
15. Stinky kitchen
16. Crocodile pool and piranha tank
17. Creepella's room
18. Tower of musky tarantulas
19. Bitewing's tower (with antique contraptions)

DEAR MOUSE FRIENDS,
GOOD-BYE UNTIL
THE NEXT BOOK!





Meet **CREEPELLA VON CACKLEFUR**

Creepella is an enchanting and mysterious mouse with a pet bat named Bitewing. By night Creepella is a special-effects designer and director of scary films, and by day she's studying to become a journalist!

A SUITCASE FULL OF GHOSTS

Creepella is about to interview the famous Hector Spector, who has come to Mysterious Valley with his Galloping Ghost Circus. But before she can, she has a mystery on her paws — someone is playing tricks and making messes all over Cacklefur Castle! Can she put a stop to these ghastly gags?



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